

# THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,  
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. I.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1812.

[NO. 24.]

## JE VIENS.

A FRENCH TALE.

(Continued.)

THE heat of the day being over, Alphonse again set forward on his journey; he had not proceeded far, when he beheld a carriage approach at full speed, the horses appeared frightened, the postillion had no power over them, and Alphonse hastened forward to endeavour to stop their career; at sight of Alphonse they began to plunge and rear; the postillion was thrown to some distance, the carriage was overturned, the axle tree broken, one horse was killed on the spot, and the other lay panting, unable to rise. Alphonse and his servant hastened to render what assistance they could to the unfortunate travellers; an elderly gentleman, and a lady who called him Father, were taken from the carriage, very little hurt, but a younger lady who had borne the weight of these two, was lifted out, apparently lifeless. Alphonse threw aside her veil to admit the air, and beheld a face at once beautiful and interesting, tho' overspread with the pallid hue of death. Ever intent on the object nearest his heart, he hastily examined her hands: no ring appeared, and for the first time Alphonse regretted his oath. The usual methods of recovery were tried without success; no signs of life appeared, and Alphonse, with an aching heart, offered to conduct the strangers to the inn he had just left. He then, taking the lady in his arms, (whose weight he scarcely felt), proceeded before them, while the servants of the different parties, leading horses, carrying baggage, &c. brought up the rear of this mournful procession. They soon arrived at the inn; a surgeon was immediately sent for, who, after feeling the pulse of the lady for some minutes, declared that life was not extinct; he judged it necessary to take a little blood, which operation had a happy effect, a deep sigh announcing the return of animation. Alphonse now retired, leaving the lady to the care of her relations: he walked down to the inn-yard: the wreck of the carriage was just arrived with the postillion, who was very much bruised: the gentleman's valet was relating the cause of their journey. "We were taking Mademoiselle Louise to a convent, the convent of Mercy too they called it; but for my part, I think it a most unmerciful piece of business. My poor dear young lady begged and prayed on her knees not to be shut up in a convent, but my master would not hear her: she must either marry a man old enough to be her father, or she must go and be a nun; even Madame Neufville, her own sister, had no pity for her, but told her she ought to be obedient to her father. I thought when we set out no good would come of it: Mademoiselle Louise trembled so, she was obliged to be lifted into the carriage, and when she lost sight of the house she fainted away: they'll repent of their cruelty when it's too late, hey will."

"Is it possible," said Alphonse, "they can wish such a lovely creature as that to be shut up for life? What can be their motive?" "Why, Sir, my young lady has refused several very good offers of marriage, which affronted my master so much, that he swore if she did not accept the next, whoever it might be, he would shut her up for life." "Poor girl," said Alphonse, "perhaps her heart is secretly engaged." "I believe it may, Sir, for she is often very melancholy, and sighs as if her heart would break, and sometimes I've seen her in tears when she thought nobody saw her. She's a sweet girl, and I wish some handsome gentleman of spirit would run away with her, and save her from a convent." Alphonse smiled at the conclusion of the speech, and walked away, meditating how he could befriend the unfortunate fair: he determined at all events to remain at the inn till she was recovered, that he might, if an opportunity offered, have it in his power to serve her. The next day she was considerably better, and on the third he was admitted into her presence. She thanked him for the care he had taken of her with much elegance, and a degree of confusion that rendered her more charming. Madame Neufville requesting Alphonse to favour them with his company for the evening, he took his seat, and had an opportunity of examining the beautiful features of Louise: the more he gazed, the more he regretted his rash oath, and sighed when he reflected that probably the lady whom he had compelled to swear, might be in the same situation as Louise, forced to enter a convent, or to forswear herself. "This," thought he, "is the wretched consequence of rash oaths." The evening passed pleasantly in the company of Louise; the convent was not once mentioned, and Alphonse hoped that the accident might have induced Mr. Augarde to have laid aside the project, but in this he was mistaken: the next day he was invited to dine with them, and was informed that on the following morning they should recommence their journey to the convent of Mercy. Alphonse gave a deep sigh at the intelligence, which was echoed back by Louise. "Ah, sigh, my dear sister," said Madame Neufville, "the more you sigh when you are a nun the better: you will be canonized at your death, and we shall have Sainte Louise." "She will most likely be beatified before you are out of purgatory," said Alphonse: Madame Neufville coloured, while Louise intreated by her looks that Alphonse would not offend her sister: he smiled acquiescence, and was pressing her hand to his lips, when the long sought for ring met his eye; he sunk at her knees, exclaiming in rapture too great for utterance, "*Je suis venu, Souvenez vous de moi?*" "Oh! I could never forget," sighed the beautiful maid, as she sunk lifeless in his arms. "What's all this about," exclaimed Mr. Augarde. [Alphonse was insensible to every object but Louise, whom he feared he had only found to lose for ever. "I suppose," said Madame Neufville, "you are old friends; you seem tol-

erably well acquainted." Louise was now recovering; Mr. Augarde gazed upon her and Alphonse, with an air of anxiety, "Young man," said he, "I must have an explanation of your conduct; you appear acquainted with Louise; relate to me all the particulars of your intimacy, and if I find you a man of honour, and you are attached to each other, I give my free consent to your union; I only wish to see my child happy." A vermillion blush overspread the cheeks of Louise, while Alphonse, with the ingenuousness natural to his character, related their first rencounter, and his subsequent search and resolution of visiting England in quest of his unknown fair, concluding with relating the cause of his being on the road, which had happily conducted him to Mr. Augarde's assistance, and finally the incident of the ring, which had in one moment relieved him from a state of uncertainty that was nearly insupportable, and left him nothing to wish but the free acceptance of Louise, and the consent of Mr. Augarde to their marriage. "You have my consent," said Mr. Augarde, "but what says my girl? speak my Louise: "*In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent,*" while Madame Neufville, with much good humour, congratulated them on the happy termination of the mutual anxiety which had so long embittered the existence of both.

Instead of proceeding to the convent of Mercy, they, the next day, took the road to Paris, where they arrived towards evening. Alphonse conducted them to the hotel of his father, the Marquis de —, where they were received with the courtesy due to their appearance and introduction. Alphonse was again the hero of his own tale, which occasioned much pleasantry. The Marquis consented to the proposed union, and the relations and friends of both parties, (among whom Mr. d'Albert was not forgotten) were invited to be present at the ceremony. The ladies could not sufficiently admire the faithfulness of Alphonse, who though he could have broken his rash oath without detection, had ever held it sacred, and preserved his heart for her who they confessed was worthy of the gift. If the fidelity of Alphonse was admired by the ladies, not less so was that of Louise by the gentlemen; she had had difficulties to encounter to which Alphonse had been a stranger; persecuted by offended relations, and threatened with the gloom of a cloister, she had still preserved the oath without violation in any of its parts, and they all rejoiced at the eclatissement which had taken place.

The happy morn which beheld the union of this faithful pair, was ushered in with the demonstrations of joy usual on such occasions. The priest who performed the ceremony was a venerable old man, and while he gave his benediction to the happy couple, he with great solemnity warned the surrounding friends from making rash vows. "Providence," he observed, "had in the present instance permitted that these two should come together, but had it been otherwise, Louise must have spent her life in a cloister, while Alphonse must have



dragged on a wretched existence, conscious that it was a state in which he had precipitated himself by Presumption and Folly."

Deeply affected, the company retired from the chapel, attended by a numerous train of peasantry, who were assembled to rejoice in the general joy; fifty young maidens received marriage portions, and all united in blessing the nuptials of Alponse and Louise.

### THE FORCE OF LOVE.

(Concluded.)

"She now felt with double poignancy the conviction that she was the original cause of his sufferings, when she could no longer relieve them. To the mental tortures she endured, must be attributed those extraordinary and premature infirmities to which she was a victim. In the course of a few years her personal charms had wholly disappeared; her voice was gone; her eyes once remarkable for their beauty, had now started from their sockets, and she was threatened with total blindness; she nearly lost the use of her arms and hands; scarcely could she with her left hand raise the right to a certain height, and even this notwithstanding extreme pain; and the weakness of her legs was excessive. Never did despair and grief produce such fatal effects on any one whose life they had spared; and as she survived these cruel attacks, it is natural to conclude that the desire and hope she felt of still being useful to him for whom she endured such sufferings, inspired her with a supernatural strength and resolution.

"A singular circumstance, and which proves how dark a veil was thrown over the whole of this affair, is, that the public, though witnesses of the physical afflictions she laboured under, had no idea of the cause, and sometimes even ascribed them to the eccentric cast of her character. "She has become what she is," people affirmed, "entirely by her own attempt to disfigure herself. Her character is so strange and eccentric, that she wilfully misapplied the remedies prescribed for her recovery, and this for the sole purpose of rendering herself hideous and infirm, even at the risk of her life."

"She was accused of extraordinary eccentricity of character, because in fact, she possessed an extraordinary understanding; though, at the same time, it must be admitted, that her temper, owing to the violence and duration of her afflictions, had altered considerably for the worse. A woman of more gentle and pleasing manners, or of a more ingenuous temper, than she had been in her early years, was not to be met with: but these qualities she had now exchanged for a severity that knew no intervals of indulgence; that was prompt to presume evil rather than good, and exerted its influence the more sensibly as her turn for epigram made her spleen more easily felt.

"Of all the predilections of her youth, her taste for reading was the only one she retained, with this variation, however, that she now read only books on philosophical or serious subjects, and entirely laid aside those of mere amusement. She had also abandoned her music, the art which she formerly more than any other cultivated, and in which she most excelled; a terrible example of the effects produced on the human frame by the constant disappointment of a violent passion."

Such was the miserable object whom Frederick saw daily pining away before his eyes, under a

complication of ills produced by his own conduct while his affection for her remained as constant and tender as before. After Trenck had lingered in his dungeon for above ten years, the Empress Queen, at the instance of the Princess, applied for his liberation. The King could not refuse, and set him at liberty, with strict orders to quit the country for ever. The manner in which this interposition of Maria Theresa was effected, and the perpetual vigilance of the Princess to the case of the sufferer, form an affecting and curious part of these volumes. We shall only present our readers with the melancholy picture of the interview which he had with this cruelly injured woman, after the death of Frederick permitted him to return.

"On arriving at Berlin, it may be easily imagined his first and most eager object was to visit the lady who had been the cause of his misfortunes. Alas! what language could describe the interview? It lasted for some hours, and was consecrated to mutual tears. The past, present, the future was reviewed, without alleviation to their sorrows! What perplexities, what griefs were theirs! What a perspective lay before them! Trenck, his hair bleached with age; his body curved with the weight of sixty pounds of iron, which for ten years had hung from it; his features changed by grief: this was the man who in his youth had displayed so superb a person, and whose image she had so faithfully preserved! He, on the other hand, beheld in her, for whom he had suffered so much, a female prematurely old like himself; a head entirely bald, and shaking so as scarcely to support itself; a face disfigured and ghastly in its expression, and miserably wrinkled; eyes distorted, dim, and haggard; a form that tottered with feebleness upon limbs, unable, through contortion and disease, any longer to perform their office. How, in so changed a being, was he to retrace the object of his affection, whom he had left in the bloom of youth, with features the most regular, a complexion the most dazzling, the most bewitching graces of air and person, all the charms and attractions of the most captivating physiognomy and most consummate beauty! And how, in the accents of austere affliction, the cold unfeeling train of reasoning, the words of desperation and distrust that now escaped her, in the harsh, illiberal spirit in which she now judged of men and things,—could he recal the rich sallies of imagination which so often had enchanted him? Where were now the impetuosity of youthful gaiety, the sweetness of her manners, the enjoyment of the fleeting moment, and the rapturous dreams of future bliss! Alas! every thing now is dead! Each finds in the other a shrunk, emaciated form! What efforts were necessary on either side to sustain so dreadful a shock!

"In this moment of trial, the resolution of the lady proved superior to that of Trenck. She led the conversation in such a manner as to make it serve the purpose of diverting for the time their common sorrow, and mutually communicating the story of their past sufferings: she inquired into every particular of his situation; the nature of his present resources, and his future hopes; how many children he had, and their different ages; what manner of education he adopted for them.—She next assured him, she would do whatever lay in her power for them, and promised to take his eldest girl under her roof in quality of a companion. It was in this spirit that they separated, to see each other no more."

Communicated for the New-York Weekly Museum.

### ELIZA.—A FRAGMENT.

\* \* \* How sweet is the landscape before us!—The distant mountains mingle with the azure, and all between is the finest pencilling of nature. The verdant lawn, the tufted grove, the dusky tower, the hanging wood, the winding stream, and tumbling waterfall, compose the lovely picture before you.—The air is perfumed! and gives the senses new power to enjoy the beautiful scene.—Bend, Eliza, for a moment over the chrystal fountain beside you; and, in the reflection of your own form, behold the most charming picture of animated nature.

\* \* \* But the black cloud gathers together: the forest bends beneath the blast: the rain descends; and, nature's dusky mantle o'erspreads the prospect.—This scene too has new beauties—this, also, has its resemblance in intellectual nature. Behold that faithful youth clasping the marble urn of her whose memory fills his heart! Think you the evening vigils of his mourning love have no pleasure in them? Eliza, those fond, those faithful duties are worth a world of joy, and turn his tears to rapture.

Look on that naked rock where the forlorn shepherd searches in vain to pasture the only lamb, the unfeeling storm has left him: such is the cold flinty heart, which petrified by insensibility, hears not the cry, nor heeds the tears of suffering innocence.

Let your eyes wander to the valley before you—rich in varied harvests, and glowing with all the splendor of cultivation. That, Eliza, is the generous mind whose joy is the communication of good, and would not suffer, were it in her power, an eye to weep, or a heart to ache in the world.

Turn, now, I beseech you, to the desert behind you, and behold a forlorn, solitary being wandering over it.—The flints have wounded his feet, his staff scarce supports his steps; and the cutting blast pierces his tattered raiment. He sometimes throws his meek eye to the gates of heaven, and, as if he received comfort from thence, he proceeds on his way. At this moment, a female form meets the traveller, turns him aside from his inhospitable path, and conducts him to a sunny hillock where verdure springs, where the fountains murmur, and the myrtle grows—she covers him with her mantle, and washes his wounds with her tears: she opens her wallet, and, with a celestial beneficence, spreads a table for him in the desert. Am I not that mournful traveller,—and is it not Eliza, who has guided my woe-worn steps to the sunny hillock, where I now solace my weary spirit?

Communicated for the New-York Weekly Museum.

### ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

ALAS, how chang'd the lovely flower,  
Which bloom'd and cheer'd my heart,  
Fair fleeting comfort of an hour,  
How soon compelled to part.

And shall my bleeding heart arraign  
The God whose ways are love,  
Or vainly cherish anxious pain,  
For him who rests above.

No!—rather let me humbly pay  
Obedience to his will,  
And with my inward spirit say,  
The Lord is righteous still.



From adverse blasts and low'ring storms  
His favour'd soul he bore,  
And with yon bright angelic forms,  
He lives to die no more.

Why should I fix my heart so fast,  
No more he'll visit me:  
My soul will mount to his at last,  
And I his face will see.

Prepare me, blessed Lord, to share  
The bliss thy people prove,  
Who round thy glorious throne appear,  
And dwell in perfect love.

P.

Communicated for the New-York Museum,  
FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

I do not know a woman in the world, who seems more formed to render a man of sense and generosity happy in the marriage state, than *Amasia*. Although you have seen her a thousand times, she may never have attracted your particular attention: for she is in the number of those, who are ever overlooked in a crowd. As often as I converse with her, she puts me in mind of the golden age: there is an innocency and simplicity in all her words and actions, that equals any thing the poets have described of those pure and artless times—indeed the greatest part of her life has been spent in rural amusements, which are sure to produce a confirmed habit both of health and cheerfulness. *Amasia* never said or attempted to say a sprightly thing: but she has done ten thousand generous ones: and if she was not the most conspicuous figure at an assembly she never envied or maligned those who were. Her heart is all tenderness and benevolence: no success ever attended any of her acquaintance, which did not fill her bosom with the most disinterested complacency; as no misfortune ever reached her knowledge, that she did not relieve or participate by her generosity. If ever she should fall into the hands of the man she loves, and I am persuaded she would esteem it the most disgraceful to resign herself into any other, her whole life would be one continued series of kindness and compliance.—The humble opinion she has of her own uncommon merit would make her so much the more sensible of her husband's; and those little submissions on his side, which a woman of more pride and spirit would consider only as a claim of right, would be esteemed by *Amasia* as so many additional motives to her love and gratitude.

But if I dwell any longer on this amiable picture I may be in danger perhaps, of resembling that ancient artist, who grew enamoured of the production of his own pencil.

## Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1812.

## WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

The fast sailing pilot boat schooner *Meteor* has arrived at this port in 29 days from Nantz. By this vessel papers have been received to the 7th of Sept. It is said the news brought by her is not favorable to this country; the Berlin and Milan decrees being still in operation; as a vessel had been condemned under them as late as June last.

Notwithstanding the present immense armies of France, and the prodigious slaughter of her best men during this war, we notice the demand of a fresh conscription of 150,000 men by the despot of that devoted country.

Considerable bodies of troops, it is said, have been ordered to the slaughter house, as the people in France call Spain. Massena passed through Bourdeaux on the same business to the Peninsula about the 1st of Sept.

From the North of Europe we have but little more of consequence than we gave last week; except of the French having entered, Aug. the 18th, the town of Smolensk; after which they burnt it: by which 120,000 the number of its inhabitants, must be reduced to the greatest distress. At this time the Russians were still retreating towards Moscow, after having had their rear considerably worsted by the French; tho' with great loss of men and officers on the side of the French.

By a late arrival from England, it is stated that "despatches of great importance were this day (August the 29th) sent from Lord Castlereagh's office for America, by the Swiftsure packet; and, the London editor observes, we have reason to believe carries out a calm, dispassionate, and yet dignified remonstrance to the American government."

A letter from Norway says, that the winter had been so prolonged in that region as that the face of the country was nearly covered with snow in the month of July last. May we not infer from this, and the coolness of our summer, that our summer will be prolonged? a circumstance much to be prayed for by the poor in particular these hard times.

The privateer schooner *Hiram* of Rhode-Island has been blown up at sea by accident, and every soul perished, except five, who reached the island of Barbuda in an open boat; having nothing to subsist on but the body of a mulatto man that had died of his wounds in consequence of the explosion, during four days.

Advices from the southward state, that a number of troops from Cuba under english officers had arrived at Pensacola, (West-Florida) and that a considerable body of Spanish troops had arrived at St. Augustine (East-Florida) from the Havannah. The United States troops under the command of Col. Smith, it is said, had broken up their encampment before this place, and had fallen back to St. John's river. It is also stated that the Spaniards had taken 10 of the most active of the patriots whom they had sentenced to be shot.

The British Packet ship *Princess Amelia*, arrived in Savannah River on the 8th inst. a prize to the American privateer *Rossie*, commanded by Capt. Barney. The Packet mounts 10 guns, and had 27 men;—she was taken after a desperate engagement of 35 minutes, in which the British capt. sailing master, and four men were killed, and 6 or 7 wounded; the ship much damaged in her hull and rigging.

We have other accounts of captures by our privateers since our last, some of which are very valuable.

Commodore Rogers's squadron, with the exception of the *Hornet*, sailed from Boston on the 8th inst. It is said the *Essex* and *Wasp* are to join them in a given latitude.

The squadron consists of the *President*, the *United States*, *Congress*, and *Argus*.

By a letter from Ogdensburg, on the St. Lawrence, dated Oct. 3, it is stated that that village had been bombarded from the batteries at Fort Prescott opposite—without doing any damage.

We have nothing new from our Western army, more than the augmentation of its numbers; and the appointment, by the President, of Gen. Harrison, as its commander in chief.

The intrepid capt. Hull, of the *Constitution*, is appointed commander of the naval force stationed here for the defence of the port.

On Sunday at about 7 o'clock in the evening, as a boat was returning from the narrows, with 9 persons in it, by some means suddenly upset, and 4 of them were drowned; the others holding to the bottom of the boat three hours, when they were providentially taken off by a Staten-Island Ferry-boat, and brought home, though so nearly exhausted that it is doubtful whether some of them will recover. The persons are, Mrs. Miles, leaving 4 small children, Mrs. Malony, who has left 2, Miss Eliza Stephenson, Mr. David O'till.

As a friend to science and the merit of an old and respectable inhabitant of this city, we publish the following communication on

### TELEGRAPHS.

AS the conveyance of intelligence to remote distances with accuracy and dispatch must be considered as a matter of national as well as individual importance both in War and Peace, the subscriber viewing this subject in this light, has lately contemplated the invention and im-

provement of that necessary instrument the Telegraph, and has with the assistance of God, the giver of all good things, been able to discover and invent two or three practical modes of executing this important object; the simplest of which, exhibits figures, letters, words, and sentences, by night or by day, either for the universal communication of unexpected intelligence letter by letter; or by preconcerted sentences to any extent for any event which may be expected and registered for that purpose. These improvements encourage him to propose to the public a Telegraphic Establishment, which promises to be worthy of their attention; and in order to convey the full ideas of these discoveries, he intends to deliver a LECTURE, in which he will exhibit complete working models, by which an adequate judgment may be formed, and by which he will experimentally prove, that this art is now arrived at such a degree of perfection and simplicity, as to convince the public, that the proposed establishment is highly worthy of being classed with some of the greatest improvements and most profitable speculations of the present age, or that has hitherto been laid before them: and that is also capable of opening a more copious field for the extension of Commerce, than that important branch of knowledge has yet acquired or enjoyed; and although it is a lamentable consideration, that the utility of any improvement is not always a sufficient stimulation to ensure success, and although the minds of intelligent persons are sometimes so obscured by prejudice, or influenced by jealousy, as to be invincible even by the most lucid arguments and incontestible facts, still he hopes by the evidence of the eye, and by numerical demonstration, to convince the judgment, that there is no imprudent risque to be feared, but the most solid advantages to be hoped by prosecuting it immediately.

CHRISTOPHER COLLES.

This Lecture will be delivered at the Custom-House, on Thursday, the 22d inst. at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

Tickets of Admission to be had of Mr. Samuel Wood, No. 357 Pearl-street, Collins & Co. No 189 Pearl-street, Whiting and Watson, No. 96 Broadway, and of the Lecturer at the Custom-House—Price, 50 cents

## Nuptial.

THRICE happy state! where with no dark alloy,  
Life's fairest sunshine gilds the vernal day!  
For here the sigh, that soft affection heaves,  
From stings of sharpest woe the soul relieves.

### MARRIED,

In New-Jersey, John Tunisha, of Horseneck, to Miss Hannah Baldwin, of Caldwell.

On Monday last, at Claverack, by the rev. Mr. Chester, William Wilson, esq. to Miss Ann Macomb, both of this city.

## Obituary.

FROM death no age nor no condition saves,  
As goes the freeman, so departs the slave,  
The chieftain's palace, and the peasant's bower,  
Alike are ravag'd by his haughty pow'r.

### DIED,

In this city, N. Parkhurst, aged 34, formerly of the firm of J. and N. Parkhurst.

On Monday the 12th inst. at his house in Hudson-street, James W. Leary, son of William Leary of New-Jersey, aged 29 years, much lamented by all his friends.

In the 15th year of his age, Charles C. Falls, son of Mr. Alexander Falls, merchant.

Mr. Samuel Day, in his 48th year.

After a tedious illness, Mrs. Jane Ferran, wife of Mr. Dennis Ferran.

Of a lingering illness, which she bore with a truly pious resignation to the Divine will, Mrs. Christians Hartman, in the 77th year of her age.

At Fayetteville, N. C. on the 7th inst. the rev. David Wiley, Post-Master of Georgetown.

The city inspector, reports the deaths of 41 persons, from the 2d to the 10th inst.



## Seat of the Muses.

"Is there a heart which music cannot melt?  
Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn."

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

The VISION of the drunken Man on Straw.

New-Jersey; A. D. 1812.

(Concluded.)

"Of visionary opulence you dream,  
And God himself in thought and word blaspheme.  
You do not notice, more than senseless walls  
Your suffering wives, and hungry children call  
You freeze in winter, and in summer smart:  
Your morals and your intellects depart;  
All is decay and ruin—in and out  
Ye wander ragged wretches round about:  
With carbuncles beset, the burning nose,  
A brazen mien, and wicked sinner shows:  
Like bloated beasts, your maladies inbred,  
Ruin the body and destroy the head.  
Till good for nothing; fit for no good end,  
Ye're neither parents, neighbours, son, or friend.  
Unfit to live, and also to deceive;  
Unfit for time and for eternal peace."

Thus spoke the heavenly form with solemn grace,  
While lambent brightness, blaz'd around his face:  
Millions were awed, ador'd the reverend youth,  
Confess'd their folly, and desir'd the truth:  
But lo! their limbs were weak, and deeply mir'd,  
Their souls enfeebled, and their powers were tir'd:  
They could not turn; nor go, if turned aright:  
For all around stood many a greedy wight,  
Whose God being gain, distill, and vend strong drink  
And plunge in hell, poor tremblers on its brink.  
Tempters and tempted, covetous and drunk,  
In pitchy flames, in woe, and darkness sunk;—  
I saw them sink in horror and despair:  
Their piercing screams, on upright raised my hair,—  
In terror and affright, and dreadful awe;  
I woke quite sober'd on my bed of straw.

C. A. B.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

### COMPOSED IN SEVERE PAIN.

AH! who that ever felt this pain,  
Which mad'ning seems to fire my brain,  
If blest with health would e'er again  
For trifles sigh;  
For wealth or power or empty pain,  
When health is joy.

In vain I raise my languid head,  
Or turn upon my feverish bed,  
Ease, soothing ease, my couch has fled—  
Oh, that this frame,  
Was resting with the happy dead  
That Jesus claim.

Hush oh my soul, thy murmurs stay,  
For grace and patience fervent pray,  
Nor grieve because life's little day  
Pains overcast,  
Death soon may summons thee away  
And grief be past.

M. A. W.

### MATERNAL AFFECTION.

LO! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,  
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;  
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,  
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,  
And weaves a song of melancholy joy...  
"Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy:  
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine;  
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine;  
Bright as his manly sire, the son shall be  
In form and soul; but, ah! more blest than he  
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last,  
Shall soothe his aching heart for all the past."

With many a smile my solitude repay,  
And chase the world's ungen'rous scorn away.  
And say, when summoned from the world and thee,  
I lay my head beneath the willow tree;  
Wilt thou, sweet mourner! at my stone appear,  
And soothe my parted spirit lingering near!  
Oh, wilt thou come! at evening hour, to shed  
The tears of Memory, o'er my narrow bed;  
With aching temples on thy hand reclined,  
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,  
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low;  
And think on all my love and all my woe?"

So speaks affection, ere the infant eye  
Can look regard, or brighten in reply;  
But when the cherub lip hath learnt to claim  
A mother's ear, by that endearing name;  
Soon as the playful innocent can prove  
A tear of pity, or a smile of love,  
Or cons his murmuring task beneath her care,  
Or lisps with holy look his evening prayer,  
Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear  
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear;  
How fondly looks admiring Hope the while,  
At every artless tear, and every smile!  
How glows the joyous parent to descry  
A guileless bosom, true to sympathy!

## Morality.

### ON GEOGRAPHY.

Is to enlighten and to enlarge the human mind, to remove the shades of ignorance, and to open fresh avenues of knowledge, be the chief ends of science, none, in my opinion, embraces a wider circle, and offers a more extensive combination of those desirable objects than geography. Even its fundamental principles are of the greatest utility in the daily avocations of life. To be well acquainted with the general divisions of land and water, the names of places and their respective situations, is a branch of knowledge which it is impossible to want without the self conviction of the grossest ignorance and inattention. But this is one of the least important provinces of geography. Our acquisitions so far are solely those of memory: the judgment lies dormant, and fancy slumbers.

But when, from an acquaintance with the names and terms of the art, we rise to its sublime contemplations: when we consider the earth as peopled with various nations, and acquire an insight into their manners, religion, government, and pursuits; then geography assumes a most attractive form, and fills the mind with ideas worthy of itself.

If we regard this science only as an useful auxiliary to trade, it is no insignificant acquisition. To be well acquainted with the natural and artificial productions of countries, the manufactures, exports, and imports, is an important consideration. But the student must not stop here: he must enlarge his conceptions by comparative researches into men and manners: he must trace the origin and influence of laws, the effects of civilization, and modes of life, through all their obliquities and variety of shades; and, while he indulges in those wide speculations, he may from what is good deduce maxims to regulate his own conduct, or to enlighten others; from what is bad, he may learn to avoid the errors that human frailty, aided by prejudice, has so abundantly disseminated over the globe; and pity where he cannot admire.

The Hottentot and the Tartar, in the dawn of reason, with barely the features of men, and still remote from civilization and refinement, will afford reflections on what human nature is, devoid of learning and the arts. The

absurd theology of barbarous nations, where the fantastic figure of Numbo Jumbo, a snake or an insect, is the object of divine adoration, will display the sublimity of that religion, which is founded on a sense of infinite perfection and almighty power, and refers all to a superintending Providence. The Savage institutions of many kingdoms, where man is degraded to the slave, and cruel caprice, rather than legitimate authority, is the fluctuating rule of action, will teach the value of government, founded in law and supported by social order.

If prejudice has taken hold on the heart (and where is that heart in which it is totally unknown?) it cannot be better eradicated, than by viewing nations under the influence of customs and laws different from our own; yet perhaps, on inquiry, best adapted to situation, climate, and native predilections.

To confine all excellence to the country in which we are born; to deny merit to all those who do not think and act exactly in the same manner as we do, is the defect of a narrow soul; but, to love our own country best, and to study to promote its interests, and extend the honour of its name, is compatible with the finest feelings, and the most christian charity. It ennobles us as men and citizens.

In all those points of view, philosophic geography, to use a new epithet, if duty attended to, will serve for an instructor and guide. In short, it is the science of life and manners, of laws and government; and is as useful to the man as it is ornamental to the scholar.

M.

## Anecdote.

A number of Gentlemen, dining one day upon Salmon, some of them preferred Pickarel, others Mackerel: an Irishman standing up says, "By St. Patrick, of all the Fish in the sea, I prefer *Pork and Pate*."

An Irishman confessed he had stolen some chocolate, "and what did you do with it?" asked the confessor, "Father," said he, "I made *tea* of it."

A gentleman, by no means remarkable for his sagacity, but fond of outside show, was unhappily, engaged in the country, where he could not every day visit his barber. One Saturday, asking for the barber's utensils in a surly manner; a young lady enquired of him, what things were necessary. He replied, "some powder, combs, and a blockhead to dress my wig." "I am very sorrow, says the lady, you cannot be accommodated better; but here is some powder, a comb, &c. and I think your wig is now upon as fine a blockhead as need be."

An elderly gentleman, being dangerously ill, his children and friends advised him to send for a physician. "No," replied the sick man, "having lived a virtuous life, I wish to die a *natural* death."

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